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The Mountain Eagle.

Volume 2

Whitesburg, Letcher County, Kentucky, January 21, 1909.

Number 21

HIGHER EDUCATION OF BOYS AND GIRLS

BY "HATTIE"

Editor Eagle,

I have thought with some concern of the unpleasant predicament that Miss Mary Standefer placed herself in when she gave vent to that not entirely unwarrented article about the education of girls.

Now, Mr. Editor, are there not two views to this subject, the extremes of which we should shun? I believe in a limited education for girls—enough learning that the girl can write her own love letters (but these must be under the guidance of her mother or guardian) and enough education to read intelligently, and all boys and girls should be provided with good books and clean literature. But spare me the association of the arrogant, flippant, coquettish girl who boasts a higher education, whose parents have invested an over-amount of money for brain development in a girl whose brain did not develop the higher and nobler traits.

Miss Standefer seems to have caught a higher inspiration—a conception of those motherly attributes that distinguish the high toned, pure, virtuous American woman. What of our Colonial mothers? While our Revolutionary Fathers laid their lives on the altar of their Country (I spell it with a big C) and let the earth drink up their blood, where was the wife and the mother? What was the degree of her education? Nor would I decimate one iota the gallantry of the educated girl. But look at the girls away back when we had fewer "long haired brothers and short skirted sisters." Ye Gods! What is modern womanhood coming to! If there is not a Mary Standefer, or someone to call a halt, where will womankind drift?

But, again let us revert to Revolutionary days for a type by which to weigh a woman. She may have come from the "old country" to evade that political or religious persecution so common in that day; but be that as it may, look at the Puritan mothers. Or, if you please, look at the virtuous Virginian, sold even for tobacco! Would you deary the ingenuity of that ancestral mother! Neither will I—all earth forbid!

But here we are! By revolution, by chance, by what-not, we are here. You remember when our Revolutionary Fathers fought for a free Republic (I spell it with a big R) they went forth poorly equipped for battle, perhaps from a shack in the woods. That heroic, patriotic wife stands in the door as he wends his way through the woods to the highway. He looks back; as his form emerges from behind the trees, a hand waves at him from that devoted wife—a child chuckling in her arms—and he is gone forever, gone to the field of carnage, to do and to die for right, gone into the valley of death and hell, careless alike of death, of saber or smoke or shrieking shell, to do and to dare for the eternal right. Where is the woman whose hand waved at the turning of the lane? Where is she? Unlettered and unlearned! Where is her higher

education? Was she your mother? Is she, was she unworthy? Think ye! Ancestral mother! Thy blood is mine! Proud am I! Ho, to Mary Standefer!

"Hattie."

(The above is the last of the articles desired on this subject. Let us have articles bearing on home life, on farm progress, the development of our resources, or other subjects.—Ed.)

Life 100,000 Years Ago

Scientists have found in a cave in Switzerland bones of men who lived 100,000 years ago when life was in constant danger from wild beasts. Today the danger, as shown by A. W. Brown of Alexander, Me., is largely from deadly disease. "If it had not been for Dr. King's New Discovery, which cured me, I could not have lived," he writes, "suffering as I did from a severe lung trouble and stubborn cough." To cure sore lungs, obstinate coughs, colds and prevent pneumonia, its the best medicine on earth. 50c and \$1; guaranteed by Whitesburg drugstore. Trial bottle free.

Get a Canner

Did you ever think of taking care of every thing raised on the farm by canning it up? How do you like to see so much valuable material going to waste that could be easily cared for and at almost no cost? The best and purest canned goods in the world are put up right at home and that too by the mother and children. See the Editor of this paper as to the cost and a canner to do the work with and without standing over the hot stove. He has one of the canners already on hand and will be glad to show it to you.

A Night Rider's Raid

The worst night riders are calomel, croton oil or aloes pills. They raid your bed to rob you of rest. Not so with Dr. King's New Life Pills. They never distress or inconvenience, but always cleanse the system, curing colds, headache, constipation, malaria, 25c at Whitesburg drug store.

A Request.

All persons indebted to Ira Fields & Co. for goods purchased of me will please call and settle their accounts. I am no longer connected with the firm, but am responsible for the debts I have created. I am as poor as any of you, and each of you can pay your respective accounts and not hurt you, while it would take every dollar I am worth to pay them for you. Believing that my debtors are my friends I insist that you come to my aid by settling your accounts at once.

I am your friend,

John M. Fields.

Tortured on a Horse

"For ten years I couldn't ride a horse without being in torture from piles" writes L. S. Napier of Rugless, Ky., "when all doctors and other remedies failed, Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured me." Infallible for piles, burns, scalds, cuts, boils, fever sores, eczema, salt rheum, corns. 25c; guaranteed by Whitesburg drugstore.

HOME CIRCLE

DEVOTED TO THE DEAR MOTHERS AND FATHERS,
SISTERS AND BROTHERS.—THOUGHTS BY
OUR EDITOR AND PRINTER

Likes and Dislikes.

Dear Editor,

Please give one who admires your Home Circle department a little space to a subject not yet touched upon.

Give me a good social life, and not a society life; a genial, natural person, and not simply an affable one; one sensible, popular maiden, and not a belle, for no man cares for such a wife whose heart has been trampled on like a navy yard.

Give me the woman who works with a vim and never tries to shirk her duty, but whose cry is, "Can I do enough?" and not, "Oh, my! I have too much to do!" People who dwell so much on self are generally miserable.

Give me the woman who is willing to adapt herself to circumstances, and who after an exertion of efforts has such an undying faith, her motto is, "Thou" he may say me, yet will I trust Him." The woman who will not be miserable over the past, but will cling to the future with hope, for hope is the blossom of happiness; the woman not afraid to superintend her domestic affairs and then grace her parlor with as much dignity and confidence as if she were the wife of the President of the United States; the woman who would cling to her husband through thick and thin, remembering she took him for better or worse.

In short, oh, for the useful, helpful woman strictly to duty, who will cling to the cross, shake off daily burdens and remember life is very much as we make it, and dispense in her pathway the balm of bitterness. Show me a Ruth and not a Delilah, an Esther and not a Jezebel, a Dorcas and not a Queen of Sheba, a Rebecca to fill troughs for the camels, a Hannah to make a coat, the Hebrew maid to prescribe for Naaman, the female of Sarepta to prepare a meal for a hungry Elijah, and a Lois to teach Timothy the Holy Scriptures, a Queen Victoria in preference to Cleopatra, a Niobe to a Latonia, a "Mother of Gracchi" to the Roman lady with her casket of brilliant jewels, a mother like George Washington's, whose small likeness adorned his neck for forty years; a wife like Martin Luther's, who was greater to him than the wealth of Croesus, and a help-mate like Thomas Hood's, who acknowledged to her, "I never was anything until I knew you."

Constant Reader,
Whitesburg, Ky.

Praise the work of your children, no matter how trivial the act. It will give them an honest desire to do better next time.

People who make mistakes are those who quarrel with one another before their children; or who allow the latter to grow up in idleness; those who talk about their troubles before strangers; the father who tells his children to go the way he does not go himself, and the young woman who does not make a confidant of her mother.

Brother, when you come in from work in the evening, we all

know you are tired, but put on your best look and assume a happy mood; do not frown if the floor is not swept, nor supper ready. Engage the little folks just a little while and get them to looking forward to your coming with pleasure. It will help to happily home wonderfully.

A girl who is gentle, brave and spirited; who is unselfish, high-minded and intelligent; who has sweetness and depth of character, who does not think solely of herself but works for the happiness of others; who is merry and dainty and wholesome, as a girl should be, will never lack either lovers or friends. She is the light of the home, a good friend to her sisters and brothers, and the sunshine of the old folks. God bless her!

The first question a man asks when he sees a girl flirting is whether she is respectable or not; it raises a doubt at once. This being the case no modest girl can afford to indulge in the pastime. When the dawn is brushed from a peach its beauty is so marred that it can never be restored, and when a young girl lightly throws aside that sweet and modest reserve so becoming to a maiden and which so elevates her and enables her to command the respect of all, she loses the great charm and becomes rather cheap and common, to use no rash terms. Flirting may seem to the giddy and thoughtless girl wonderfully amusing and she may get the idea that she is fascinating, but it is a most degrading thing and should be frowned upon by every

Great Love For OLD HOME

Appalachia, Jan. 12.

Dear Eagle,

Enclosed is money order for \$1 for renewal to the paper a year; would feel at a great loss without the publication issued from my native town. Many regards and wishes for you and yours.

W. C. Taylor.

Everybody most in Letcher county knows Wes Taylor, the gentleman who wrote the above. Mr. Taylor was born right on the spot where the Eagle's nest stands and grew up here. The following will illustrate how deeply devoted he is to the place of his birth. A few weeks ago we walked into our yard and saw Mr. Taylor walking around as if in deep meditation. We hailed him with the usual "howdy, Wes," and extended our hand. Mr. Taylor looked straight at us in a stolid way and, scarcely above a whisper, said, "walk light, my friend, you're on sacred ground! Here on this spot I was born; here I played marbles, and here I grew up to be a pretty bad boy. Many years, my friend, have intervened since then and now, but I love this old spot yet and ever will. So I repeat, walk light!" I promised him to do so. His tone of speaking, his demeanor in every particular, indicated that he meant every word that he uttered.

young lady who has an ambition to become a worthy and charming young woman.

What Is Life?

The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat and drink and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and the light; to pace around in the mill of habit, and to turn the wheel of wealth; to make reason our book keeper, and to turn thought into an implement of trade—that is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of consciousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities slumber which make it most worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence; the laugh of mirth that vibrates thru the heart, the tears that freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the doubt which makes us meditate, the death which startles us with mystery, the hardship which forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust, are the true nourishment of our natural being.

Star of Bethlehem

For the first time in 500 years the Star of Bethlehem is now visible. It makes its appearance about midnight on the eastern horizon and is exceedingly bright standing out in bold relief from all other stars.

This is the only star in all the heavens which is named or even alluded to be a Christian name, and is supposed to be the star which appeared to the Three Wise Men from the East and which guided them to the stable in Bethlehem where the infant Jesus was born.

The star comes within our vision every 500 years, its last appearance being recorded in the year 1408. It will be visible during most of the coming year and from every habitable part of the earth.

Poetry Writing.

Most all of us at some time in our lives have made up our minds that we could write poetry. So thought President Taft in his gosling days. Would you have thought it? Most people have an idea that a poet is a lean long haired creature, who looks as if he had lost his last friend. But not so, at least, all of them. The big Republican three-hundreder doesn't now look like the fellow who once mounted the steed Pegasus and attempted to ride to fame on his uncertain back. Young Taft though had his poetical ambitions cooked in this wise: Before the world had become familiar with his name he made a visit to a favorite aunt of his out in Iowa who knew not of his love of the muse. When he had told all about the folks at home and this and that and the other, he took from his pocket a couple of clippings from the paper that had published his effusions and read them aloud. The aunt of the future great statesman took them from his hand and re-read them diligently. "Bill," she asked simply, "do they print those things for nothing if you send them in?"

CHOICE SELECTIONS FROM EVERYWHERE

BY "KARLYLE"

"I got my wife through advertising."

"Then you'll admit advertising pays?"

"I'll admit that it brings results," was the cautious reply.

The Verdict

A man in Virginia was tried on a charge of assault. The prosecution showed as evidence and the weapons used a rail, ax, pair of tongs, saw, and rifle. The defendant's counsel exhibited as the other man's weapons a pistol, scythe blade, pitchfork, and hoe. The jury's verdict read, "Resolved, that we, the jury, would have given a dollar to have seen the fight."

Master: "I'm sorry to hear, Pat, that your wife is dead."

Pat: "Faith an 'tis a sad day for us all, sir! The hand that rocked th' cradle has kicked th' bucket."

Six Things Required

Six things are requisite to make a "happy home." Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, lighted up with cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere, and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.

Eye—What are you thinking about, Adam?

Adam—I was thinking that, no matter what kind of a record we make we can't charge much to heredity.

Lincoln Story

A few years ago, in 1864, some gentlemen who had just returned from a trip through the West came to Washington and went to call on President Lincoln. During their visit, one of the men spoke of a body of water in Nebraska which bore an Indian name.

"I cannot recall the name now," he said, in a vexed tone; "but it signifies 'weeping water.'"

President Lincoln instantly responded, "As 'laughing water,' according to Longfellow, is 'Minnehaha,' this evidently should be 'Minneboohoo.'"

Teacher—You've named all the domestic animals save one. It has bristly hair, it is grimy, it likes dirt and is fond of mud. Well, Tom?

Tom (shamefacedly)—T-that's m-me!

The Smiths

John Smith—plain John Smith is not very high sounding; it does not suggest aristocracy; it is not the name of any hero in die-away novels; and yet it is good, strong and honest. Transferred to other languages it seems to climb up the ladder of respectability. In Latin it is Johannes Smithus; the Italian smoothes it off into Giovanni Smithi; Spaniards render it

Juan Smithus; the Dutchman adopts it as Hans Schmidt; the French flatten it out into Jean Smeed, and the Russian sneezes and barks Jonoff Smittowski. When John Smith gets into the tea trade in Canton he becomes Joyan Skimmit; if he clambers about Mount Hecla the Icelanders say he is Jahne Smithson; if he trades among the Tuscaroras he becomes Ton Qa Smittia; in Poland he is Ivan Schmittiweiski; should he wander among Welsh mountains they talk of Jihon Schmidd; when he goes to Mexico he is booked as Jontli F'Smitti, if of classic turn he lingers among Greek ruins, he turns to Ion Smikton, and in Turkey he's utterly disguised as Yoe Seef.

He—Darling, let's take the final step?

She—Yes, dear; but owing to the present fashion in skirts, it will have to be short.

Two Sorts.

Two sorts of persons are met with at every turn in one's daily life—persons who are looking out for themselves and persons who are looking out for others.

It is true that every person has regard both for himself and for others; but one man gives the first place to himself, his own rights, his own comfort, his own pleasure, while another man gives the first place in all these lines to others.

And it is a noteworthy fact that, by the divine law of compensation, the man who is always looking out for himself is likely to have no one else to look out for him, while the man who is always looking out for others is likely to have others looking out for him.

He who thinks he must fight his way through the world is pretty sure to find the need of fighting his way through the world; but he who is ready to give place to others is quite sure to find others ready to give place to him.

There is no surer way of setting everybody against one's self than by setting one's self against everybody. There is no surer way of having everybody's help than by trying to help everybody. He who seeks first place shall lose it; he who is unselfishly willing to be last may in the end be first.

Even selfish considerations, therefore, should prompt a man to bear himself unselfishly.

Sees Mother Grow Young

"It would be hard to overstate the wonderful change in my mother since she began to use Electric Bitters" writes Mrs. W. L. Gilpatrick of Danforth, Me. "Although past 70 she seems really to be growing young again. She suffered untold misery from dyspepsia for 20 years. At last she could neither eat, drink nor sleep. Doctors gave her up and all remedies failed till Electric Bitters worked such wonders for her health." They invigorate all vital organs, cure liver and kidney troubles, induce sleep, impart strength and appetite.

Only 50c at Whitesburg drug store.

THE MOUNTAIN EAGLE

N. M. WEBB, Editor and Owner.

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The Eagle Covers Letcher County Like the Blue Canopy.

THURSDAY, - JAN. 21, 1909

Local Notices will be charged for at the rate of five cents per line for first insertion and three cents a line for each succeeding insertion.

Announcements

For Circuit Clerk

E. L. Baker is a candidate for Clerk of the Letcher Circuit Court subject to the action of the people at the polls.

For County Court Clerk

The Eagle is authorized and paid to announce R. B. Bentley a candidate for County Court Clerk of Letcher county subject to the action of the voters at the November election, 1909.

For Assessor

Arnett Mitchell is a candidate for assessor of Letcher county, to be voted for in November 1909, and solicits your support.

The Eagle is authorized to announce Shade R. (Red) Combs a candidate for Assessor of Letcher county subject to the action of the people at the polls in November, 1909.

For Jailor

The Eagle hereby announces Hiram Williams a candidate for Jailor of Letcher county. Election 1909.

For Sheriff

We are authorized to announce Louis Cook a candidate for sheriff of Letcher county subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce John Ison, [Little John] of Kingdom Come creek, a candidate for sheriff of Letcher county. Nov. election 1909.

We are authorized to announce Riley Ison (Red Kid's son) a candidate for Sheriff of Letcher county subject to the voters at Nov. election 1909.

EDITORIAL.

PUBLIC-SPIRITEDNESS

The healthfulness of any community is as important as life itself. It is the patriotic duty, the unselfish duty of every citizen to contribute everything possible toward the amelioration of dangerous diseases, or the up-building of the healthfulness of the town and country. Our circumstances may be such that from a selfish standpoint it would be hard on us to do that which would be accommodating to our neighbors, but when it comes to the point where the preservation of life and health are in question there can be no room for doubt in the least as to our duty. It may and does require some sacrifice, but what of that? Isn't life itself, from the cradle to the grave, a sacrifice? And who would not for the sake of an agonizing friend or neighbor sacrifice some right or privilege or pleasure to relieve his pain or misery?

Now, the people of a town the size of Whitesburg are as members of one large family, and whatever affects one of these members in a measure affects the whole family. The filth or nastiness that lingers in the kitchen, in the sitting room or around the doorstep affects every member of the family, and while only one or two may be sick and die from this filth yet the whole family circle is rent and torn. The same is true in town. From one little old insignificant out-house, improperly cared for, may spring death germs that will tear asunder the heart-strings of some innocent family circle, or in some mud-puddle may lurk the germs that will do the same.

Where people do the best they can and all they can they have enough misfortune without invit-

ing same by selfishness or carelessness. The law is presumed to protect the rights of others whether the individual cares to do so or not. We need more public-spiritedness. We need to awake to our duty and our whole duty along the lines of cleanliness. Some people hesitate to do their duty thinking that perhaps by so doing they may be accommodating a neighbor or adding some convenience to the public. Now, if such persons exist they need to be taught some of the lessons of public-spiritedness.

This article is written in the hope that it will arouse our people in town as well as in the country to a greater feeling of their responsibility, not only to themselves but to their neighbors and the great body-politic to which they are by birth members.

Smallpox Again

Reliable information from head of Franks Creek, in this county, says there is now a severe case of smallpox over there. The patient is at the home of C. M. Blair and seems to have been brought from Stonega, where it is said there are a number of cases. We hope the county authorities will see that the disease is "nipped in the bud," that no further spread may be possible. Smallpox, if allowed to scatter, as was the case in this county last year, is a great drain on the people's finances, besides there is great danger of life and no little suffering occasioned by the disease.

Contest Decided

Corn Contest Over and Winners Named

A Success

After some delay in selecting a committee to decide the last corn contest on last Monday Eld. R. H. Fields, James Collins (Big) and Wilburn Reedy were named, and after carefully going over the lot of seventy ears, each tagged and numbered from 1 to 70, the choices were made. No. 12, belonging to E. D. Polly, of Campbranch, first; No. 28, belonging to Wm. S. Collins, of Colson, second; No. 44, belonging to J. W. Sexton, of Sandlick, third. So, Mr. Polly is \$1 cash or year's subscription, and Messrs. Collins and Sexton are entitled to six months subscriptions.

We want to thank each of the judges for their impartial service in selecting the winners and to assure all contestants that no partiality was shown, as none of the committee knew to whom a single ear of the corn belonged.

We now have seventy-eight ears of fine specimens, mostly of the white variety. This corn will all be shelled and given to paid up subscribers to the Eagle about April 1 for seeding purposes. After that date another proposition will be forthcoming.

Lester Letter

Robert Bates, after serving over four years in the U.S.A., has returned. He was accompanied by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Bates, of Glamorgan.

Joseph Brown and charming daughter, Regina, from Knott county, passed enroute to the burg.

Mrs. Willie Bates and son, of Laurel county, are visiting relatives here.

Mesdames Jas. Taylor and Jos. Craft, of Colson, visited at C. H. Crase's.

Singing school began Monday, conducted by Eld. Jos. Craft.

G. B. Vaughan left Saturday for Hindman.

Pyneckya.

Seriously Stabbed

Two Brothers Engage in a Fight With Probable Fatal Results.

No Arrests Yet

Monday on Boone Fork, near Baker, in this county, James and Wiley Bentley, brothers, engaged in a fight over a "hard knucks" game and the former cut the latter in the back just below the shoulder blade, inflicting serious and perhaps fatal injury. Both are married and sons of "Barlow Bill" Bentley, a good citizen of his neighborhood. So far as we have heard no arrests have been made.

Eolia Echoes

Elds. Boggs and Gilly preached on Franks Creek Saturday and Sunday.

Edw. Boggs is teaching a writing school at Eolia schoolhouse.

E. M. Boggs and S. J. D. Sturgill attended services on Pound.

Franks Creek school will close with an entertainment.

Robert Collier has returned to Berea College.

R. M. Calloway drummed this place.

Mrs. H. C. Boggs is better. Nicholas Skinner.

Dongola Drippings

Aunt Cinda Banks has been ill but is better.

Our box supper Saturday eve was a nice affair.

School closes February 6 with an entertainment.

Yes, dear editor, we read the Home Circle and hope it may long continue.

Lena, daughter of Lafayette Banks, is with her grandmother, Mrs. Jane Banks, here.

Sweet Sixteen.

Burned to Death

A few days ago the three-year-old daughter of Son Newsom, of Craftsville, this county, while playing around the fire got too near and its clothes becoming ignited it was so badly burned that death resulted shortly afterward. The Eagle extends sympathies to the parents in their misfortune.

Stray Hogs

I have five head of hogs in my possession and would be glad to find the owner of same. One is a black sow, swallow fork in left ear, three shoats, no mark, and one black and white spotted sow, half crop the left ear. Owner can have same by paying me for keep and for advertising.

Tilden Wright.

HINDU PROVERBS.

Father Tignous, a missionary from India who is trying to recover his health in France, has sent the translation of several Hindu proverbs which will be found interesting. He has prepared these for the Field Afar:

The plant that could not be bent to the grave.

The plant that could not be bent when it was a twig will not bend when it is a branch.

A stone will wear away by the continual creeping of ants over it.

To acquire science in later years is like dyeing a dirty cloth.

There is no man who knows everything; there is none who knows nothing.

Anybody will say: I have no memory; nobody will say: I have no sense.

None is ruined by telling the truth; no one prospers by telling lies.

The flood which has passed the dam will not come back even if you cry.

Do not put your foot in the river without knowing its depth.

Even when a wound is healed a scar will remain.

If a neighbor's roof catches fire one's own is in danger.

When the cattle is on one shore, the opposite looks green, when it is on the opposite shore, the other side looks green.

A slip of the tongue is worse than a slip of the foot.

Do not believe all you hear; do not say all you believe.

QUAKER MUSINGS.

Most of us can find fault with our eyes shut.

A man can play the races without indulging in horse play.

When a woman is 71 would you say that she is just turned 17?

When fortune smiles on a man he can afford to laugh and grow fat.

Nine men are ready to believe a lie where one will believe the truth.

It is doubtful if the sailor knows as much about sales as the auctioneer.

The glove manufacturer feels that most people should be taken in hand.

The bill collector isn't the only man who feels that the world owes him a living.

The man who is satisfied to rest on his laurels is generally afflicted with insomnia.

Many a man who puts his best foot forward merely succeeds in stubbing his toe.

Silence—"When is a bore not a bore?" Cynicism—"When he talks to us about ourselves."

No Maude, dear; just because a girl bleaches her hair it doesn't necessarily follow that she is light on her feet.

"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady," quoted the wise guy. "And thereby probably kept out of a lot of trouble," added the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

THE TEN MISTAKES OF LIFE.

There are certainly more than ten mistakes which erring mortals make; but the following are sufficiently important to merit thoughtful consideration:

To refuse to yield in immaterial matters.

To endeavor to mold all dispositions alike.

To look for perfection in our own actions.

To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.

To measure the enjoyment of others by our own.

To look for judgment and expertise in youth.

To worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied.

NEW Hotel

The Mountain View Hotel is now open and doing a rushing business. It is located in the Webb house, corner First and Upper streets, which has been remodeled and furnished up-to-date. It is admirably located, being the quietest place in town and also convenient—being one square from the P.O. and two from the Courthouse. Stephen H. Fields is the proprietor and the success of the new venture is assured. See ad.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.—Walding, Kinman & Marvin, wholesale druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

SEEDS

We Ship best quality Field and Garden Seeds direct to farmers at lowest wholesale prices.

We sell Clovers, Grasses, Seed Oats, Seed Corn, Cane Seed, Millet, Cow Peas, Soja beans, Peanuts, Seed potatoes, Cabbage plants, potato and tomato slips, onion sets, garden beans, garden peas, all kinds garden, field and flower seeds, Land Plaster and Fertilizers. Write us for prices and samples. State what you want.

Nashville Seed Co.

215 Second Ave., North, Nashville, - Tenn.

Notice, Candidates!

Announcements of candidates for office will be charged for as follows:

District Office \$10.00
County Office 5.00

A complimentary notice will be given each candidate at time of announcing. Communications—boosts, booms, etc.—will be considered as advertisements and be charged for at 5c per line, the writer assuming all responsibility. Special rates by the column. Cash must accompany all such announcements, communications, etc. Gentlemen, its "up to you."

SEEDS

Fresh, Reliable, Pure Guaranteed to Please Every Gardener and Planter should test the superior merit of our Northern Grown Seeds. SPECIAL OFFER FOR 10 CENTS we will send you our FAMOUS COLLECTION 1 pkg. 50 Day Turnout 2 pkg. Prince of Wales 1 pkg. Half-Drawing Celery 1 pkg. Early Arrowhead Cabbage 1 pkg. Fertilizer Market Lettuce 1 pkg. 15 Varieties Choice Flower Seeds. \$1.00 Write today! Send 10 cents to help pay postage and packing and receive the above "Famous Collection," together with our new and instructive Garden Guide. GREAT NORTHERN SEED CO., 1288 Rose St., Rockford, Illinois.

We Buy FURS

Hides and Wool Feathers, Tallow, Beeswax, Ginseng, Golden Seal, (Yellow Root), May Apple, Wild Ginger, etc. We are dealers; established in 1856—"Over half a century in Louisville"—and can do better for you than agents or commission merchants. Refer to, any Bank in Louisville. Write for weekly price list and shipping tags. M. Sabel & Sons, 229 E. Market St. LOUISVILLE, KY.

THE MAN WHO

Pulled Teeth With His Fingers and Introduced

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Wamsley's Automatic Pastor

By Frank Crane.

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"Yes, sir," said the short, chunky man as he leaned back against the gorgeous upholstery of his seat in the smoking compartment of the sleeping car; "yes, sir, I knew you was a preacher the minute I laid eyes on you. You can't fool J. P. Wamsley. You see, there's a peculiar air about a man that's accustomed to handle any particular line of goods. You can tell 'em all, if you'll just notice—any of 'em—white-goods counter, lawyer, doctor, travelin' man, politician, railroad—every one of 'em's got his sign out, and it don't take a Sherlock Holmes to read it, neither."

"Experience, did you say? I must have had considerable experience? Well, I guess yes! Didn't you never hear of my invention, Wamsley's Automatic Pastor, Self-feeding Preacher and Lightning Caller? Say, that was the hottest scheme ever. I'll tell you about it."

"You see, it's this way. I'm not a church member myself—believe in it, you know, and all that sort of thing—I'm for religion strong, and when it comes to payin' I'm right there with the goods. My wife is a member, and a good one; in fact, she's no blame good that we average up pretty well."

"Well, one day they elected me to the board of trustees of the church; because I was the heaviest payer, I suppose. I kicked some, not being anxious to pose as a pious individual, but finally I gives in."

"I went to two or three meetin's—and say, honest, they were the fiercest things ever."

The minister smiled knowingly.

"You're on, I see. Ain't those of 'fial meetin's of a church the limit? Gee! Once I went—a cold winter night—waded through snow knee-deep to a griffe—and sat there two hours."

"Yes, Sir, I Knew You Was a Preacher the Minute I Laid Eyes on You."

While they discussed whether they'd fix the pastor's back fence or not—price \$6; I didn't say anything, but sort of new, you know, but I made up my mind that next time I'd turn loose on 'em, if it was the last thing I did."

"But I must get along to my story, about my automatic pastor. One day the preacher resigned."

"When it came to selectin' a committee to get a new pastor, I buttoned right in."

"Well, sir, it was right then and there I invented my automatic pastor, continuous revolving hand-shaker and circular jolly-hander."

"I bring it before the official brethren one night and explained its modus operandi. I had a wax figure made by the same firm that supplies me with the manikins for my show-windows. And it was a peach, if I do say myself. Tall, handsome figure, benevolent face, elegant smile that won't come off, as the feller says, Chauncey Depew spinnage in front of each ear. It was a sure-thing."

"Now, I says to 'em, 'Gentlemen, want to recommend. It has no advantage anyhow; it won't cost you a cent. I'll make you a present of it, and also chip in, as an heretofore, toward operatin' expenses.' That caught old Jake Hlicks—worth a hundred thousand dollars, and stinger 'n all git-out."

"Now, you stand this here, whom we will call John Henry, at the door of the church as the congregation enters, havin' previously wound him up, and there he stays, turning around and givin' the glass hand and cheery smile, and so both his mechanical power and display as the unwearied sun from day to day, as the feller says. Nobody neglected, all pleased. You remember the last pastor wasn't sociable enough, and there was considerable complaint because he didn't hike right down after the benediction and jolly the flock as they passed out. We'll have a wire run the length of the meetin' house, with a gentle slant from the pulpit to the front door, and as soon as meetin's over, up goes John Henry and slides down to the front exit, and there he stands, givin' the hand and cheery smile, and so on to all—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to beat the band."

"Now as for preachin', I continued, 'you see all you have to do is to raise up the coat tails and insert a record on the phonograph concealed here in get away. I work, you know, and must be back to-morrow. Harry's father died a year ago, and since then Harry and I have both had to work. Harry has worked at a great many hotels before in different parts of the country. The boy he worked under here was a friend of his—Frank Bowers was his name—that's why he came here and—"

"But, madam," interposed Billy, hesitatingly, as he looked over a paper he had drawn from the bundle, "you say your son's name is Almsworth, Harry Almsworth?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well—a—he does not seem to be charged with stealing a razor?"

"Oh! I'm so glad, and then you'll—"

"Bowers was arrested for stealing the razor and," continued Billy, not feeling just right about the throat, "and—Harry Almsworth, I see, is charged with stealing a purse containing \$50 from one of the guests of the hotel."

"Not at all! Not at all, sir. I saw the newspaper myself—or the clipping rather—and it said that Harry was accused of stealing a razor—and when he had a razor, too. Wasn't it silly?" She smiled. "I'll just show you the clipping. Here is—Oh! pshaw! I came away in such a hurry that I forgot it. Anyway, Harry wrote me and said—"

"But," commenced Billy, then he paused; the going was getting pretty heavy for him by this time; he looked at the other men. The foreman was looking out of the window, the manufacturer had picked up his cigar, which had gone out, and after putting the wrong end of it in his mouth, laid it down again; there was no hope for Billy in the others, so he lunged ahead.

"But," he resumed, "the man from whom the purse was taken positively identified it when it was found in your son's possession."

"Fifty dollars, did you say? My Harry—take—No, sir! He didn't need it!" triumphantly. She was beginning not to like Billy. Women never like prosecutors when they're prosecuting.

"Harry made five dollars a week and his board and that was ample, for sometimes he sent me money. Why, only last month he sent me his whole month's salary. Oh! No, sir, Harry didn't do that because he told me. She faltered, then stopped. The confident smile began to die.

"In any event," said Billy, kindly, "we couldn't settle the matter to-night. If he should be indicted, he would have to be tried and it would be a matter of weeks before that."

"Oh! I must get back because I could only get one day away, they are so busy at the store," said Harry's mother.

"I much fear you'll have to stay longer, Mrs. Almsworth, if you want to see this matter through."

The gloom of approaching darkness was settling over the dingy room. The cars were changing their strident warnings to the hurrying home-goers on the streets below.

She arose. "The smile was dead. 'I'll stay until they let Harry out. You'll excuse me—won't you—for taking so much of your time—but I—I don't know much about law. I—"

She straightened up, turned and walked with strained erectness toward the door. The foreman wondered why he didn't hear the door open. He looked around toward it. She was standing quite still. No sound came from her. Her head was bowed in her hands and her spare frame shook.

The foreman went to her, took her by the arm and, leading her to the other door, said, huskily: "Go out this way, you'll not see any one and it's nearer."

She passed out—to wait "until they let Harry out."

The foreman closed the door. After a moment he announced with unvarnished brusqueness: "We stand adjourned until to-morrow morning at nine o'clock."

The retired saloonkeeper spat again, and blew his nose vigorously; it seemed to Billy in the uncertain light that his cheeks were streaked, but then the saloonkeeper had been perspiring earlier in the afternoon.

The manufacturer coughed a little and said: "There's no use talking, if a fellow wants to be sure he's rid of the lay fever he must stay away until after the fifteenth of October."

In another minute the room was vacant.

Billy reached home just in time to help "tuck the boy in."

While he was reading the paper after supper he looked up at the sweet-faced woman on the other side of the table and said:

"Don't think I'll run for another term as prosecutor, Mary."

A moment or two later he added: "And, dear, we must be very careful to know with whom the boy plays."

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